

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori,
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. II.

JULY, 1914.

No. 7

My Friend

Here where the footfalls of angels tread lightly,
Flicker so lonely the light's ruby rays;
In mute adoration the sentient stillness
Seems throbbing with melody, pulsing with praise.

Here have I sped me, and here have I fled me
Harking my restless heart's tyrant decree,
Thirsting for love as the hart for the fountain,
Nowhere I find it, sweet Lord, but in Thee.

Long I have starved my soul's warmest affections
Lavishing love where it won no return;
Ne'er can content me the friendship of creatures,
Teach me at last, Lord, with Thy love to burn.

Truant so long from Thy loving embraces,
Seeking for peace amid pleasures and sin;
Still in my soul I could hear a soft whisper—
Was it Thy voice, Lord, that called through the din?

Why didst Thou call, Lord, to one so unworthy?
Why didst Thou plead for love fickle as mine?
Hast Thou no chidings for one so unfaithful?
Dost Thou not scorn my love, Lover Divine?

Weary and faint from the stress of life's battle
Penitent, humbled, I lie at Thy feet.
Oh, that I always had cherished Thy friendship!
Had I but known, Lord, Thy love is so sweet!

Here at Thy altar I pledge my devotion;
Take back my poor heart so sin-stained, so cold.
Jesu be friend to me here in my exile,
Bring me to Thee when my life's tale is told.

—Andrew Browne, C. Ss. R.

THE FRIEDENBURG FAMILY

"Margaret Mary-y!"

"Yes, mother, just a moment,"—thus Margaret Mary answered her mother's call, but turned immediately to her friends. "And is McPhear's orchestra to play? Won't it be lovely! Do you know, is Celia Howard going?"

"Margaret Mary," again called her mother's soft voice from a nearby room.

"Margaret, your mother's calling," said one of the girls.

"Oh, all right," replied Margaret Mary, with just the slightest suspicion of pique in her tone. "I'll see what she wants."

It was eventide—half past seven by the cuckoo clock in the hall as Margaret Mary left her girl friends. She found her mother in the sitting room.

"What is it, ma?" she asked. It had been 'mother' in the parlor, and her sweet voice had lost something of the gracious gush and gurgle of the 'Yes, mother' in the presence of company. But Margaret Mary is seventeen, if you please, and no schoolgirl. She is a stenographer in a lawyer's office, and moreover, she is going to a dance tonight.

"Would you mind doing the dishes, Margaret," said Mrs. Friedenburg. "My head is so bad. I washed today and it's almost too much for me. Jane will help you."

"Oh, aren't they done yet?" responded Margaret Mary impatiently. "Goodness, I'll never be ready in time, and Jim said he was coming early. Can't Jane do them? She's big enough now. I haven't begun to dress yet. Something has always got to come in and bother a person."

"Well, never mind then," returned her mother mildly. "Jane and I will get along. But Margaret, about the dancing, don't forget what Father Casey said about the tango. You know you are not to dance it, nor any of those other dances."

"Oh, Father Casey is so cranky," replied Margaret. "Why, there's really nothing the matter with the tango. You know what the paper said last Sunday; it's all right, and nobody dances the old dances any more. They're out of date."

"That makes no difference, Margaret," said Mrs. Friedenburg firmly. "You are not to dance anything else."

"Well, I suppose I've got to, then," and Margaret Mary whisked out of the room with a very decided pout on her pretty face. She was pretty—very pretty. I thought so myself, and if Jim had seen her now, with a few bright threads of golden hair straying from the wavy mass above across her frowning forehead, and with the color upon her well moulded cheek just a shade deeper than usual, he, too, would have said she was pretty. Beautiful, perhaps, were the better word. It looks better, and sounds more romantic, too. Of course this is not a romance—not at all. I am merely introducing you to the Friedenburg's because I want you to know them. I have no story to tell. They are nice people. And Margaret Mary is a nice girl—very nice, and a good girl, too, in general. She has her faults of course; that is natural and to be expected. Some of her faults peeped out in the conversation with her mother which we have just overheard, and which, between you and me, did not show her to the best advantage.

Margaret Mary left school a year ago, a graduate of St. Alphonsus' High School. And at that time she would not have made her mother call twice or thrice, or four times, as she often does now. She addressed her mother as "ma" then, in the parlor as well as in the kitchen. Personally, I prefer "mother," but "ma" is all right, especially if "ma" doesn't object. However, I am inclined to think it was more or less vanity that made Margaret Mary drop the homely "ma" for the more high-toned and ladylike "mother." The fact is, vanity is Margaret Mary's one fault. But it is growing on her and branching out, running into disobedience and disrespect for her parents and into other things, too, that I could mention. Nothing very serious, indeed, for Margaret Mary is a good girl. I know that. But, oh, this vanity! Why will young women allow it to get it's talons fixed so tightly upon them? Why will they let it mar the beauty of their young womanhood? It is one of the mysteries of creation. A young lady of seventeen can pout most prettily indeed, and frown—sometimes, we almost think—like an angel. But really, pouting is not pretty, and frowning, be it ever so witching, is not at all angelic. And when young ladies pout, as Margaret Mary did, because mother, whose head aches terribly, has asked them to do the dishes; and frown, because cranky Father Casey has forbidden the tango, then frowning and pouting are positively ugly.

Had Margaret Mary been at school that morning with her little sister Jane, it had been a blessing. She would have been proud of Jane, and more than that, she would have repeated a very salutary part of her catechism. It happened this way. Father Casey was hearing the lesson in Christian Doctrine.

"What is the fourth commandment of God," he asked, looking about. "Jane Friedenburg, can you tell us?"

Jane stood up.

"The fourth commandment of God is this," she answered. "Honor thy father and thy mother that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest be long-lived upon earth."

"Good," said Father Casey, approvingly. "And what does 'honor' mean? What are we commanded by the fourth commandment?"

"By the fourth commandment," continued Jane, "children are commanded to show reverence, love and obedience to their parents, inferiors to their superiors."

"And why must children reverence, love, and obey their parents?" went on Father Casey, well pleased with the child's answers.

"Because," replied Jane, "next to God, their parents are their greatest benefactors, and supply His place in their regard."

Father Casey was getting interested. Jane was the smallest girl in the class, and he had never kept her up so long before. His eye twinkled as he asked the next question; it was a long one.

"How should children love their parents?"

"They should, first, be grateful to them and wish them well from their hearts," responded Jane bravely; "secondly, they should make them happy by their good conduct; thirdly, they should assist them in their necessities, and, fourthly, they should bear with their faults and weaknesses."

"Very good," said the priest, with a pleased smile. "Now, how should children obey their parents?"

"They should, first, do what their parents command," returned Jane, with the light of triumph in her large blue eyes, "and not do what they forbid; secondly, they should willingly receive and readily follow their advice and admonitions."

Father Casey was pacing up and down the aisle. He stopped and patted Jane upon her curly head.

"Very, very good," he said. He slipped a holy picture from his breviary and handed it to Jane.

"There," he said, "that was a long lesson for one day, but you knew it perfectly."

Margaret Mary, of course, was not present to witness this little feat of her young sister. But, supposing she had been, would she not have found something in the lesson to think about? Something that applied quite aptly to those little rebellious feelings growing in her heart? Would she not have listened profitably, and perhaps recovered that sweetness of disposition which she is now losing, and which a year ago made her so affectionately considerate, and docile to her mother's wishes? I wonder! But oh! this never-ending vanity! What a bugbear it is!

That evening, indeed, the dance passed off without the tango, as far as Margaret Mary was concerned. She had obeyed her mother, but with a heart that rebelled. She had lost the graceful childlike submission, which in a young lady is a more beauteous beauty, a more true and sterling adornment than all the golden hair, sweet voices, or rosy cheeks that ever woman joyed in.

"Mother objects to the tango," she explained to a young man requesting a dance. "You know how old people are, so old fashioned and always stickling for what's proper."

Poor Margaret Mary? And yet she is not alone. There is many and many a Maragaret Mary, perhaps many a one who will read this fragment of a story, and see in it a reflection of herself, a young lady, beautiful, gay, full of life, and popular, but falling short in that first beauty which surpasses all the rest, namely, childlike respect and reverence for those who are her greatest benefactors, who hold God's place in her regard, and on that account so richly deserve her heart's most tender love, respect and reverence, her parents.

A. A. REIMBOLD, C. Ss. R.

Socialist publications have been advising American soldiers who should find themselves in a battle against the Mexicans not to kill their fellow laborers in the Mexican army but to shoot down the officers in their own.

If George Washington had had a few Socialist patriots in his army, we would (unless their marksmanship was as rotten as their principles), instead of celebrating the Fourth of July, be singing "God save the King".

DUTIES OF A CITIZEN TOWARDS HIS GOVERMENT.

So many imagine that the laws and penalties of the government are enough to enforce morality among the citizens. Far from it. Neither human law nor human penalty will ever check the daring and unlawful schemes of the criminal, who seeks only his own interest and consults only his vilest passions. No wonder, the man who can scorn the laws of God, will also smile at the laws and menaces of man.

True, the laws of man may promote morality among citizens already trained to good morals; but they will not succeed in instilling morality where immorality has settled beforehand. Only religion can reach the soul in such a way as to sink the first seeds of good morals and nurse them into vigorous growth. And so religion alone can procure the observance of law. Did religion not exist among us, and teach us that there is a Judge Supreme, who sees all our misdeeds and must avenge them, then there would be few men indeed who would sacrifice themselves for duty's sake. Without this fear of a Just Judge, the number of evil doers must increase on all sides.

Religion alone can make citizens truly obedient to their sovereigns, because religion teaches them to obey not merely to avoid the penalties fixed by law, but mainly to obey their God who demands this obedience, and to preserve their peace of conscience. In his Epistle to the Romans, St. Paul reminds us that our rulers are the servants of God: "for they are the ministers of God, serving unto His purpose". Then he logically adds the lesson: "wherefore be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience-sake".

Evidently, to correct the ill-will of wretches who persist in disturbing the public peace, our laws do not suffice, nor the penalties assigned by them. For often enough the worst crimes go unpunished, the blackest criminals remain unknown, or sufficient proof is not forthcoming to convict them. And even when the guilt is proven to a demonstration—how does it happen that the criminal makes good his escape? A celebrated author writes: "The greater part of mankind is incapable of acting from the sole motive of the public good; while personal advantage so often conflicts with this public good; indeed, only the fear of God's chastisements can avert impending disorders."

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

THE CHURCH FOUNDED BY OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

Our divine Saviour Jesus Christ entrusted the Church He founded with the mission of transmitting His revelation to all men, and of providing them with the means of saving their souls.

The revelation or teaching of our Saviour must be transmitted in its entirety and without change or alteration, to mankind in all ages and nations, for Jesus expressly commanded His apostles to do so: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; he that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be condemned. He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." (Matt. 28; Mark 16; Matt. 18.)

The Church of Christ, which is the medium of this transmission, must, therefore, be endowed with the authority to teach His revelation to men, to explain and define it without the least danger of error or falsehood; in other words, the medium of the divine revelation must be endowed by God with infallibility. A fallible medium would be no true medium of the divine revelation, for it would be liable to transmit error and lead men astray from God, and God could not require men to believe its teaching under pain of eternal damnation, saying: "He that believeth not, shall be condemned."

The Church, moreover, must necessarily be a visible teaching body, for Christ founded her to teach men on earth the truths He revealed. A church empowered to teach men must be a body, otherwise it could not teach men; it must be visible, for an invisible church could teach only through private and individual inspiration, a method unadapted to mankind and to the method of God Himself, who sent His divine Son, clothed in our human nature, to teach men; and to the very method of Jesus Christ Himself who commissioned His apostles, a visible body of men, to preach the Gospel to all nations. Consequently, the Church of Jesus Christ must necessarily be a visible teaching body, endowed with infallible authority to enable her to be a proper and fit medium to transmit His divine revelation to mankind.

But such a body necessarily requires a head to rule and govern it, and to decide doubts and disputes, from whose decisions there should

be no appeal, for the infallible authority of the body must needs reside in the head. The denial of any of these points includes the denial of the possibility of transmitting the divine revelation pure and unadulterated throughout all ages to all nations.

God is a God of order, for He is infinite wisdom. But there can be no order, but only trouble, disorder, and confusion in a society that lacks a head. Every human society, however small, requires a head. Where there is no head, or where the head is not obeyed, there can be no order, and anarchy reigns. Where anarchy reigns, disorganization necessarily ensues. A society without a head is, like a corpse, lifeless. If even the smallest human society needs a head to keep it in order and secure its existence, how much more necessary is a competent head in God's grandest and noblest institution on earth, that is, His Church, which He has destined to include all mankind, and which He has endowed with such wonderful powers and entrusted with the transmission of His revelation and the means of salvation for all mankind! Even every Protestant sect, however insignificant in numbers and territory, has a head of some kind, and owes its continuance to the subordination of its members to that head; and that head *practically* wields a power of government, from which there is no appeal, and thus it practically claims infallibility. The waiving of this claim would be practically a suicidal policy for that sect. Whenever this practical claim of a sect is resisted, a split occurs, and a new sect makes its appearance in the world, and this new sect will also have some kind of head practically proclaiming its own infallibility.

The Church of Christ has been endowed by Him with a competent head in order to ensure her existence and the proper fulfilment of her divine mission; and her head has been endowed by Him with infallibility, for her infallibility can reside nowhere but in the head that governs her. This stands to reason, and is fully confirmed by facts. Before leaving this earth to ascend to heaven, Jesus Christ, as St. John relates in the twenty-first chapter of his Gospel, appointed St. Peter as the head of His Church. We have but to read the History of the Church from the very beginning, and we shall find on almost every page that St. Peter and his lawful successors have in all ages exercised over the whole Church the powers of Head of the Church, of Vicar of Jesus Christ, her invisible Head.

For the sake of brevity, it will suffice to prove this by the following

quotation from the works of the great St. Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, who suffered martyrdom in the middle of the third century.

"The devil," he says in his great work on *The Unity of the Church*, "has discovered a new means of seduction in the very bosom of Christianity. By means of heresy and schism he corrupts the truth of Jesus Christ, breaks the bonds of unity, wrests from the Church her conquests and pours out his darkness into the midst of the radiant splendor of the Redemption, so that men who believe and call themselves Christians, are merely the minions of Anti-Christ. This lamentable error arises from their neglect to trace the origin of truth and connect themselves with the head of the ecclesiastical power, and thus they abandon the heavenly doctrine. He who reflects carefully needs no long investigations to find out the true faith, for our faith rests on an easy and simple demonstration. The Lord said to Cephas (Peter): 'Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven.' (Matt. 16, 18-19). Another time, it was after His resurrection, the Lord said to Peter: 'Feed My sheep.' (John 21, 17.) The Lord, therefore, wished to build His Church on Peter, who is that rock. Hence to Peter alone He entrusted the care of feeding all His sheep. It is true that, after His resurrection, He said to all the apostles assembled together: 'As My Father hath sent Me, so do I send you; receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained,' (John 20, 21-23). But He, nevertheless, based the unity of the Church only on one See, viz.: that of Peter, for, by his divine authority, He placed the *origin and source of unity on the head of one individual only*. The other apostles were, without doubt, what Peter was; they shared his honor and power; and yet the *foundation of unity* was established in the *primacy of Peter*. Thus the Church of Christ is one, for it presents only one See, one center of unity. Although every bishop is a pastor, there is, however, but one flock in the Church under the unanimous direction of the successors of the apostles. There is but one episcopate, of which each bishop presides over a part. There is likewise but one Church, although, through her glorious fecundity, she extends to an immense multitude of members. The sun emits many rays, yet there is but one light; a tree is divided

into many branches, but there is only one common trunk, one common root; a spring distributes its waters far off, but however abundant they may be, their origin remains unchanged. If you separate the bright ray from its focus, it is extinguished; if you detach a branch from its tree, it dies; if you isolate a rivulet from its source, it dries up. The same finds its application in the Lord's Church. The rays of her brightness enlighten the universe, and though this light is so diffuse, it is one. As a mysterious tree, the Church spreads her branches over the whole world; as an immense stream, she waters all the countries of the earth with her vivifying waters. But the tree has only one trunk, and the stream only one source; everywhere is found the same principle, the same origin, the same mother rich in the treasures of her fruitfulness. Her womb has borne us, her milk has fed us, her spirit animates us. Separation from the Church is union with an adulteress, depriving us of all share in the promises made to the Church; for he who forsakes the Church Christ has founded, shall never obtain the rewards He has promised. Such a one is a stranger, a profane man, an enemy. He ceases to have God as his Father, who ceases to have the Church as his Mother."

The Catholic Church today is the identical Church founded by Jesus Christ and His apostles. She is now the very same body she was then, and therefore is now, as truly as then, the competent and infallible witness of the revelation made by our Lord Jesus Christ. "The Catholic Church," says Dr. Brownson in his Review for April, 1848, "is not an aggregation of individuals who at any given time compose it, a body born and dying with them, but the contemporary of our Lord and His apostles, in immediate communion with them, and thus annihilating all distance of time and place between them and us. She is a corporate body, a collective individual possessing the attributes of immortality. She knows no interruption, no succession of moments, no lapse of years. Like the eternal God, who is ever with her, and whose organ she is, she has duration, but no succession. She can never grow old, can never fall into the past. The individuals who compose the body may change, but she changes not; one by one they may pass off, and one by one be renewed, while she continues ever the same; as in our bodies, old particles constantly escape and new ones are assimilated, so that the whole matter of which they are composed is changed every six or seven years, and yet they remain identically the same bodies. These changes as to individuals change nothing as to the body. The

Church today is identically that very body which saw our Lord when He tabernacled in the flesh. She who is our dear Mother, and on whose words we hang with so much delight, beheld with her own eyes the stupendous miracles which were performed in Judea eighteen [nineteen] hundred years ago; she assisted at the preaching of the apostles on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost descended upon them in cloven tongues of fire; she heard St. Peter, the Prince of the apostles, relate how the Spirit descended upon Cornelius and his household, and declare how God had chosen that by his mouth the Gentiles should hear the word of God and believe; she listened with charmed ear and ravished heart to the last admonition of the disciple whom Jesus loved: 'My dear children, love one another'; she saw the old Temple razed to the ground, the legal rites of the Old Covenant abolished, and the once chosen people driven out from the Holy Land, and scattered over all the earth; she beheld pagan Rome in the pride of pomp and power; she bled under Rome's persecuting emperors, and finally planted the cross in triumph on her ruins. She has been the contemporary of eighteen [nineteen] hundred years, which she has arrested in their flight and made present to all generations as they rise. With one hand she receives the *depositum* of faith from the Lord and His commissioned apostles, with the other she imparts it to us."

In transmitting God's revelation to us and deciding questions and doubts concerning it, "she has merely," continues Dr. Brownson, "to declare a simple fact which she has received on competent authority, that is, merely to declare what our Lord or His apostles have told her. What needs she in order to do it with infallible certainty? Simply protection against forgetting, misunderstanding, and mis-stating; and this protection she has, because she has our Lord always abiding with her (Matt. 28, 20), and the Paraclete who leads her into all truth and 'brings to her remembrance' (John 14, 26) all the words spoken to her by our Lord Himself personally, or by His inspired apostles, keeping her memory always fresh, rendering her infallible assistance rightly to understand and accurately to express what she remembers to have been taught."

In doctrinal and moral decisions it is not so much the Pope or the Councils of the Church that speak, as the infallible Holy Ghost speaking through them as His mouth piece. Therefore, all mankind is obliged to accept and submit to the teaching and decisions of the Church in all that pertains to divine revelation; and those who resist

the Church of Christ in these matters, resist God Himself, as our divine Saviour declares, and can have no share in His heavenly kingdom. Nothing can be more logical or clear; hence St. Cyprian says expressly: "Out of the Church there is no salvation." The learned Origen tells us: "Let us not suffer ourselves to be deceived, for no one can be saved outside of this house, that is, outside of the Church of Christ. Whoever leaves it, becomes guilty of his own reprobation." "He who wishes to live by the Spirit of Christ," says St. Augustine, "must be a member of His body, that is, of His Church." In no other church can salvation be found, since Christ has founded and could found but one Church, for, says St. Thomas, "divine truth is only one;" as between two points only one straight line can be drawn, but numberless crooked ones, so also truth is one, whilst error, being a deviation from the truth, is manifold. Moreover, no one but Christ has the right to found a church, or the road to heaven, and Christ has founded only one, as St. Paul declares: "For another foundation no man can lay, but that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus." (1 Cor. 3, 11.) Therefore, he who rejects the Church and her teaching, rejects God's revelation, and is thus in open rebellion against His Sovereign Lord and Master, and is necessarily excluded from His kingdom.

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

"Richard, here he comes!"

Irene Mullins gave a little half-sob of shame and regret. It did not increase her self-esteem to meet the quiet gaze of Father Casey now since she had told him that she was determined to marry Richard Nicholson, this handsome young Protestant, and that nothing could change her resolution. The door of the rectory parlor opened and Father Casey walked in.

"Good evening, Irene; good evening, Mr. Nicholson."

Irene rose to her feet—a mark of respect for the Priest of God which she had been taught from her earliest years. The young man made no move beyond a stiff inclination of the head, while his face became a trifle paler, and the look of antagonism deepened in his eyes.

"We called, sir," he said, "regarding that document which you said I must sign before you will apply to the Bishop for a dispensation to marry us."

"Here it is," and the Priest handed him a slip of paper which read:

"I, the undersigned, not a member of the Catholic Church, wishing to contract marriage with Irene Mullins, a member of the Catholic Church, propose to do so with the understanding that the marriage tie is indissoluble, except by death, and promise on my word of honor that she shall enjoy the free exercise of religion according to her belief, and that all children, of either sex, born of this marriage, shall be baptized and educated in the faith and according to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church; and furthermore, that no other marriage ceremony, than that before the Catholic Priest shall take place.

"Witnesses.....

"Witnesses.....

"Signed....."

"Sir," said Nicholson, when he had read the paper, "you were frank with me last evening when you said that you considered it a calamity for a Catholic to marry a Protestant; I shall be frank with you tonight: I consider it the height of arrogance and narrow-mindedness for the Catholic Church to ask a Protestant to sign such a document as this!"

"Do you mean," said Father Casey, and his voice was calm—too calm—it made the visitor uncomfortable, "that it is arrogance for the Catholic Church to command this young woman, under pain of expulsion from the fold, to do what the Church considers necessary for the salvation of her soul?"

"No, sir, I mean nothing of the kind!"

"Do you then mean that it is arrogance for the Catholic Church to command this young woman to effect, as far as she can, that the children whom God gives her, do what the Church considers necessary for the salvation of their souls?"

"Well, no; since she freely wishes to remain a Catholic, the Church has a right to give her these commands. But *I* am no Catholic, and it is insufferable arrogance for the Church to give *me* a command to bring up my children Catholics!"

"Not so fast," said the Priest, and his voice became, if possible, more calm. "You have just admitted that the Catholic Church has a right to say to this young woman: 'Either effect, as far as you can, that your children be brought up Catholics, or leave the Church yourself.' This you have admitted. But tell me, is this young woman doing all she can to have her children brought up Catholics if she marries a non-Catholic without exacting a promise that he will allow her to follow her conscience in this matter?"

"I see—stating the question in that way makes it look different. Her Church does not command me to bring up the children Catholics,

but it forbids her to marry me unless I promise to allow her to do so."

"Precisely," said Father Casey.

"But now, let us turn the tables: my Church would be justified in commanding me to bring up my children Protestants."

"Does your Church do so?" queried Father Casey.

"No, not that I know of—but my conscience does."

"Then, if you allow the children to be brought up Catholics, you go against your conscience and commit a sin; while on the other hand if she allows them to be brought up Protestants, she goes against her conscience and commits a sin."

"That's correct; and it is not right to expect me to commit a sin any more than her."

"Quite true," said the Priest, "it is never right to expect anyone to commit a sin. Do you see what necessarily follows?"

"What?"

"The very thing I told you last night: that a Catholic can hardly marry a non-Catholic without one or both committing sin thereby."

Nicholson was silent for a moment, then continued, with considerably less self-sufficiency than before:

"Then why not make a compromise? The girls will be Catholics and the boys Protestants."

"If your conscience is logical, Mr. Nicholson, it cannot agree to any such compromise. The souls of boys and girls are of equal value. If the true Church is necessary for the salvation of the one, it is likewise necessary for the salvation of the other. I do not know whether your conscience is logical enough to urge this, but I know that the Catholic Church is; it will allow no compromise wherein immortal souls are bartered for human affections."

"Well, then, we will make them neither Catholics nor Protestants; we will wait till they grow old enough to choose for themselves."

"That would be an unnatural crime! It would be to neglect your most sacred obligations as parents! Instinct teaches the very beast of the field to give its offspring all the assistance they need to grow into well-developed beasts. In like manner reason teaches reasonable beings to give their children all the assistance necessary to grow up into well-developed reasonable beings. But the first and most essential obligation of a reasonable being is to know, love, and serve God, its Creator and Final End. The human parents who would fail in this would be

as unnatural as the mother-bird that would neglect to bring food to her young and leave them to die and rot in the nest."

"But, sir, God wishes us to serve Him freely, and not through force. To teach any one a particular religion from childhood up is practically to force him to accept that religion—it is not freedom!"

"If religion," said Father Casey, "were a human invention like rail-roading or base ball, I might grant your contention. But religion is a divine institution—it was revealed by God. God did not and could not reveal several different religions that mutually contradict one another. He revealed but one religion. That is the true religion; all other religions are false. To so train your child that he can choose a false religion as easily as the true one, is not to give him freedom but to reduce him to slavery. If you are certain which is the true religion, you must teach it to your child from his earliest infancy, for only then will your child be safe from the fatal danger of being misled by a false one. To act in any other way would be criminal neglect of your duty as father. If you do not know for certain which is the true religion, then it is doubly criminal for you to enter the married state—to take upon yourself the obligation of moulding and training human beings—before you have settled to your own satisfaction the most urgent and essential question of human existence."

"Would you then," asked Nicholson, "condemn a man to life-long celibacy because he cannot discover which among the one thousand religions in the world is the true religion?"

"I would condemn no honest-minded man to life-long celibacy," said Father Casey, "for there is no man with an honest mind that cannot discover the true religion if he sincerely tries to do so. To say the contrary would be to accuse the All-just God of injustice and tyranny. When He revealed the one true religion, He thereby imposed the obligation of embracing that religion upon all, both the learned and the ignorant. But a just God could not impose this obligation upon all without making it fairly easy for all to fulfil it. Therefore, since it is fairly easy to discover the true religion, the man who does not, within a reasonable time succeed in discovering it, is not making honest and sincere efforts to do so—he has not a good will. And if he stubbornly persists in life-long bad will I surely would do all in my power to condemn him to life-long celibacy. I would do all in my power to hinder him from having any part in the training of immortal souls.

His own corrupt heart would necessarily have a corrupting influence upon all over whom he had any authority."

The Priest paused for a moment, but, seeing that Nicholson made no attempt to answer, he continued:

"You proposed allowing the children to grow up without any religious beliefs until they were old enough to choose for themselves. That course, besides being immoral, as I have just shown you, is furthermore impossible. Religion has a bearing upon all our conscious acts in their relation to Almighty God. As soon as a human being begins to perform conscious acts he begins to acquire a religious belief, and that religious belief must be one of these three: *first*, 'I believe that no religion is necessary'; *second*, 'I believe that several different religions are equally good'; *third*, 'I believe that this particular religion is the only good one'. The parents, every one that comes in contact with the child, must, whether they will or not, foster one of these three beliefs. If you and your wife succeed, while in the presence of your child, in avoiding every word or action that has any reference to religion, you will foster, and foster strongly, the first belief. If your wife acts always as a zealous Catholic, and you, always as a zealous Protestant, you will foster the second belief. To foster in your child the first belief is to make him an *atheist*. To foster in him the second belief is to make him an *indifferentist*—it is treason to your child, and treason to the religion which you know to be the only true one. To foster the third belief and foster it with reference to the one true religion—this and this alone is to fulfil your sacred duty towards your child. Your intended wife cannot remain a member of the Catholic Church unless she is determined to do this for the children whom God may give her, and she may not marry you unless you sign a promise that you will permit her to do so."

"I will sign the document," said Nicholson. "And, Father," he added (it was the first time in his life that he had addressed a Priest by that title, which showed how the proud man had been humbled), "I hope the day will soon come when I shall regard it not merely an obligation of honor but still more as a duty of religion to fulfil what the document enjoins."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

If thou didst know the whole Bible outwardly, and the sayings of all the philosophers, what would it profit thee without charity and the grace of God?

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

THE GREATER SANEDRIM

The Greater Sanedrim throws its huge shadow over the entire life of our Lord, always seeming to bode hostility and crime. When the Magi come in quest of the star, the Sanedrim assemble; and again, when Our Lord is sentenced to death—it is the work of the Sanedrim.

Membership. The number of members was usually seventy-one. This seems clear because the Talmud says plainly: "The Greater Sanedrim counted seventy-one members." This is perhaps an imitation of the Mosaic arrangement as recorded in Num. XI: 16; "and the Lord said to Moses: Gather unto me seventy men of the Ancients of Israel." The social quality or rank of the members is sometimes described by such passages as this: "And straightway in the morning the chief Priests holding a consultation with the Ancients and the Scribes and the whole council, binding Jesus, led him away and delivered him to Pilate." For thus we seem to have the three classes that made up the Sanedrim: High Priests, Scribes and Ancients. The law of Moses demanded that the oldest-born of Aaron's line be invested with this office and hold it till death. But this law was so often infringed since the days of the Macchabees, that in Roman times the office was given at will to the one who offered the highest sum of money for it. The holders of office were changed at irregular intervals. So it came to pass that while one was actually in office others still lived who had once been in office. Thus the title of High Priests was given not only to the actual incumbent but to all who once held office. Besides, this title was sometimes applied to the members of the High Priests' families, especially to their sons. Furthermore, as these High Priests were now chosen from different families, it might be inferred that this term represents the most influential portion of the priesthood in general, hence sometimes called simply, "the Priests". The Scribes were admitted in the capacity of lawyers. They had made the law their constant study, verifying its exact meaning, developing it by applying it to new cases, teaching the law in their schools, presiding as judges in courts or acting as assessors. They could be priests or laymen. The Elders may have been the representatives of the principal families of the tribe of Juda. Probably they were laymen; men of wealth, of rank and talent, who had risen to prominence and held office under the Jewish government. Hence in some passages they are called the "foremost

of the people." But it is hard to draw the line exactly, for the reason that Holy Writ does not do so. Thus, for example, when the Council meets to decide upon the death of Our Lord, St. Matthew tells us that the High Priests and the Ancients of the people assembled; while Mark and Luke tell us that the High Priests and the Scribes assembled. We observe the same tendency to identify the Scribes and the Ancients in other passages.

Admission. Conditions of admission were indicated above, when speaking of the classes forming the Sanedrim. In addition we gather a few details from the Talmud. Surely they must be Israelites of pure blood. This was demanded for any criminal judge. "All are qualified to judge civil cases, but not every one is qualified to judge criminal cases. For this latter one must be priest or levite or at least an Israelite who might legally marry the daughter of a priest," or, as others translate it: "whose daughter it would be lawful for priests to marry." Furthermore, the Talmud requires: "The persons who are to be chosen members of the Sanedrim must be tall, men of wisdom, of good appearance, and of considerable age; they should also possess some knowledge of witchcraft; lastly, they should be masters of seventy languages, so as not to need the help of an interpreter when hearing cases." Of course these points may have been very desirable. Still the demand for so many languages sounds a little incredible, and does not harmonize with what Josephus tells us at the very end of his work on Jewish Antiquities: "Those who have learned to speak the languages of many nations are not held in any special esteem among us for many a slave could do as much." The manner of admission is not very clear. There is no trace of election by the people. In most cases, perhaps, the new members were chosen by the already existing members and thus entered by cooptation. It was quite common, however, that the civil power should interfere. We know for certain that the highest office, the high priesthood, was arbitrarily dealt with; then the lower ones would not be exempt. The Talmud has a note on this point. After telling us that the seventy members sat around in the form of a semi-circle; and then in front of these, three rows of lawyers or scholars were ranged in lines; and beyond these, the spectators or at least a deputation called the standing men. Then it continues: "If it was necessary to add a judge, one from the first row was elevated, while one from the second came to occupy his place; one from the third row took the place in the second; and a man from

the standing people was invited to sit in the third row." Once admitted to the Sanedrim, the members remained in office for life. It is natural to suppose that some formal ceremony graced the occasion of admission to so sacred an assembly. And in fact the Talmud records the "laying on of hands", just as was done in case of sacrifices. They also discuss the question: how many persons must lay their hands on the new Rabbi when receiving his degrees? some requiring five, others three, and some content with one.

Organization. At its head stood the High Priest. Already in the First Book of the Mcb. XIV. 44, we find a sketch of the powers vested in Simon, the High Priest: "And it should not be lawful for any of the people or of the Priests to disannul any of these things, or to gainsay his words, or to call together an assembly in the country without him". Then trace all the meetings recorded in history and invariably the High Priest presides. Josephus assures us of this in the case of the meetings held in the year 47 B. C., when Hyrcanus II. presided; again in the year 62 A. D. when Ananos presided. The Gospel tells us that Caiaphas acted as head when our Lord was sentenced, and the Book of Acts shows Ananaias in this office when St. Paul is brought to trial. Thus we understand the assertion of Josephus, that in the Roman period, the High Priests were the real heads of the nation. Next in rank we meet the Dekaprotoi. These functionaries appear in nearly all the councils modelled on the Hellenic plan. Their office consists in the collection of taxes, for the due payment of which they were held responsible with their own private fortune. Sometimes it would appear that they constitute the city treasury. Josephus in his life tells us that he had entrusted the silverware of King Agrippa to the Dekaprotoi of Tiberias for safe-keeping. Now we recognize these Dekaprotoi in this fact: when the Jews had a quarrel with Festus, the Procurator, they sent an embassy to Nero consisting of "the ten foremost men, with Ismael, the High Priest, and Helkias, the treasurer". Next, it seems antecedently probable that the members were also divided into various departments or commissions. This conjecture is borne out by a paragraph in the Talmud: "There were in Jerusalem three courts: one was situated at the gate of the temple-mount (which some identify with the east gate, leading into the women's court); another was held in the buildings dividing the court of the women from that of the Israelites; and the third met in the treasury of the Temple. In case a judge in the country had a dispute with his colleagues about some point of the

law, and wanted to have the question settled in Jerusalem, as the law commanded, he must first lay it before the lowest court. Here the judge should explain his doubts: 'I have lectured so and so, but my colleague lectures so and so.' Now if this lower court could settle the matter by a tradition, they would give their verdict; if unable to do so, the matter was referred to the higher court. If this court also was unable to render the decision, then all of them came to the Great Sanedrim, which is in the Temple treasury." Hence the law must spread over all Israel as it is written: "from that place which the Lord will choose, thou shalt observe to do according to all which they will instruct thee". Lastly, we must notice the person often entitled: "muphla". This does not seem to be a title of office. Properly it was only an honorary or complimentary title given to one specially versed in the law.

Jurisdiction. In theory, nearly all the powers of church and state were to be exercised through the Sanedrim. Here laws were framed. Here justice was administered. Here doctrinal questions were debated and settled. Here the uncertain course of the calendar was fixed, and on this depended all the yearly round of feasts. It watched over the marriages in the priestly families, and perhaps even kept in its archives the genealogical tables. Of course some cases of greater importance were reserved to its sole jurisdiction. Thus the Talmud specifies: "the court of seventy-one judges is needed when a whole tribe, or a false prophet, or a High Priest are arraigned for a crime that might involve capital punishment. The same number of judges is needed to decide upon battles that are not commanded in the Scriptures; also to enlarge the city of Jerusalem by annexing suburbs or free land; to widen the temple-courts; to appoint councils for the tribes." In a word, this was the court of appeal; not that privates could appeal to it when displeased with the decision of lower courts; but when the judges themselves could not arrive at a satisfactory solution, they must come to Jerusalem. In practice, we must distinguish its powers in Judea from its influence in outside countries. In Judea proper, it ruled as the supreme native tribunal. Of course the Romans curtailed its powers in some respects. But usually the Romans were generous in their concessions to native governments. Even Titus rebuked the Jews for attempting to rebel against an empire that allowed them to live according to their own laws not only at home but even when dispersed in foreign parts. Outside Judea, they could not directly wield any political

authority. Still their moral influence was immense, because, as just intimated, the Jews were allowed to live according to their own laws in many cities, as Sardes, Rome, etc. Usually the Jews of the Dispersion professed sincere submission to all mandates from the Holy City. Thus we see how St. Paul is commissioned to go far away to Damascus and enchain the Christian converts there and bring them to Jerusalem. Even long after Jerusalem had fallen, and the Sanedrim had ceased to be what it was, even then Origen assures us that its power was often effectively put forth.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

Whoever aspires to be a child of this great Mother Mary, must first abandon sin, and then he may hope to be accepted as her child. He who acts in a different manner from Mary thereby declares that he does not wish to be her son. Mary humble, and he proud; Mary pure, and he wicked; Mary full of love, and he hating his neighbor. He thereby gives proof that he is not and does not wish to be the son of this holy Mother. The sons of Mary are her imitators, and this especially in three things, in chastity, liberality, and humility.—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

Among the great Catholic names of early American history are: De Soto, Marquette, Hennepin, Ponce de Leon, Champlain, Joliet, De La Salle, Coronado, Menendez, Cadillac, Jogues, Calvert, Lord Baltimore, Barry, and Carroll.—*Catholic Messenger.*

A MEMORY AND A HOPE

Often, 'tis true, on my day's horizon
I see in the East the clouds arise,
But within my heart I carry a whisper
That brings a light o'er the darkest skies;
A *Memory* bright as the golden sunset,
A *Hope* as sweet as the fields of May,
I am going to Holy Communion tomorrow,
I went to Holy Communion today.

A SUSPRISED SANTA CLAUS

I.

When Karl's auto dashed up to the Maloney gate, Mrs. Maloney ran out with great concern, seeing Grace return without Willie and Billy Buttons.

"What has happened?" she asked excitedly. "Where's Willie?"

"I don't know, mother," replied Grace a little shamefacedly. "I expected to find him here."

"He was headed this way the last time we saw him," said Karl.

Then, in a few words, they told her what had happened.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" moaned Mrs. Maloney. "I always thought that Billy Buttons would do something to him. I'll have Patrick shoot him tomorrow."

"Shoot whom?" questioned Karl.

"Why, Billy Buttons, of course," darting a sharp look at the questioner.

"O, Willie's all right," said Karl. "Billy Buttons can't do anything to him. He had to go back after the cart, you know."

Poor Mrs. Maloney was on pins and needles for an hour (so were they all, for that matter), saying her rosary all the time, as Karl had dashed off at once, in the auto, to hunt up the truants. But, at the end of an hour, when it had grown quite dark, she heard Willie drive in; saw him get out of the cart; unhitch Billy Buttons and lead him into the stable. Then she saw him limp across the stable lot and come towards the back steps.

"A nice time you're getting home, William Tecumseh Maloney, with your old pumpkin-colored horse, after nearly killing my daughter," rang out a sharp voice through the darkness.

Willie looked up startled.

"Is that you, mother?"

"Of course. Who else? Come here at once."

Willie limped up the stairs.

"Are you hurt?" said his mother anxiously.

"No, mother, I'm not hurt," laughed Willie, "only I'm not used to riding on such a saddle."

"What kept you so long?" demanded his mother.

"Well, you see, I had to get some new straps, and a new bolt for the swingtree."

"All right, go and get ready for dinner. Your father will soon be home."

Then Mrs. Maloney sat down on a little settee on the porch, in the dark, and had a little cry all to herself.

"Well, I do declare," said Father Johnson, "women are strange creatures. You'd think she'd be overjoyed at seeing the boy come home alive, and give him some encouragement. Instead, she gives him a tongue-lashing."

"Women are cryptic, you know," said the Missionary.

Grace came down to dinner, as if she had just come out of a bandbox, so dainty and fresh, and Willie, too, had his face nicely washed, and his brown curls brushed smartly back from his white forehead.

"What's this I hear about a runaway?" said Mr. Maloney, frowning.

"O, father, it was no runaway," said Willie. "Billy Buttons has just been eating his head off in the stable, doing nothing, and he wanted to have a little fun. That's all."

"I think the girls had better keep out of that cart for the future," winking at Patrick.

"Yes," said Patrick, taking the cue, "we don't mind sending Willie to heaven, but we'd like to keep the girls awhile yet."

"O, thank you," chorused the girls.

"I wouldn't have minded it at all," said Grace, "but my cavalier ran off and left me, and right in front of a saloon, too."

All laughed and looked at Willie. That worthy straightened himself and looking at Grace cross-eyed, ejaculated:

"O, I knew that some one more agreeable was waiting around the corner to take you home in Dempsey's auto. He's too stingy to buy an auto for himself."

"You shouldn't talk that way about Mr. Schneiderhahn," chided his mother, "you know he's not stingy."

"Yes, that's so," responded Willie, looking very hard at Grace. "I oughtn't say anything against my future—"

"Father," interrupted Grace, "Father Horrell expects every member of the congregation to hear three masses tomorrow. There's to be nine masses altogether, as a Benedictine from Northern Alabama, Father Fidelio is here to help."

"I suppose the music will be extra fine, will it not?" said Patrick.

"Yes, indeed, it will," replied Grace. "Dr. Gogarty will sing the solo at the offertory."

"Thank heaven," said Patrick, "it's a man this time. I'm tired listening to women warbling at it."

"Dr. Gogarty!" said Anne. "Ha! ha! That reminds me of something."

"What are you laughing at?" said Grace. "What does it remind you of?"

"Why, the girls tell me that Dr. Gogarty's making sheep-eyes at you."

"At me? What nonsense!"

"O, yes, I heard it, too," said Patrick. "Jim Finnegan told me that Gogarty had boasted publicly, that he was going to win Grace Maloney."

"Heaven preserve us!" ejaculated Mrs. Maloney. "I ought to feel flattered that my daughter is considered such a prize."

Mr. Maloney and Uncle Stanhope were silent, eating their breakfast, and listening amusedly to the rapid fire of talk flying across the table.

"What do you think of these Gogartys?" said Uncle Stanhope to Mr. Maloney.

"They seem to be very gentlemanly fellows," replied Mr. Maloney, "but I haven't seen very much of them."

"Well, I think they're both villians," pursued Uncle Stanhope. "I haven't seen a great deal of them either, but they both seem to me to have a hang-dog look. I'd hate to meet either one of them in a lonely alley, on a dark night, if they wanted a nickel right bad."

"That settles it," broke in Mrs. Maloney. "Uncle Stanhope never makes a mistake in reading anyone's character."

"Anyway," said Mr. Maloney, "we must be charitable and polite, and especially you, Grace, in the choir—it wouldn't do to be rude and snub the doctor."

"O, never fear," laughed Grace, "I'll treat him as a gentleman as long as he acts like one."

"By the way," said Patrick, "they are both Knights of Columbus, and wear their buttons quite prominently."

"Good," said Mr. Maloney, musingly, "that speaks well for them. They're not ashamed of their religion."

"All is not gold that glitters," muttered Uncle Stanhope.

"Let us hope," said Mrs. Maloney, as they rose from the table, "that they are both good Catholics, and remain such."

Uncle Stanhope shook his head. Uncle Stanhope was really an expert in diagnosing character. We shall see, as time goes on, whether he was successful or not in this particular case. As they passed out of the dining room Grace said to Annie and Catherine:

"Don't forget, girls, we have a busy day before us. You'll be needed this afternoon in the sacristy to help decorate the altars and arrange the 'Crib'."

"We'll be there, rest assured," they both answered.

"And I hope my little brother Willie will be on hand too," looking at Willie beseechingly. "You know how useful you can be."

"Yes, sister mine," replied Willie, "I expect to be quite busy, too, but I'll come around this afternoon with Billy Buttons and we can run on all the errands you wish."

Grace hurried off, and Willie, with a hop, skip and jump across the back porch and down the stairs, went chasing Carlo down the driveway to the street, and standing there a moment swept the street and neighboring lots with his Napoleonic eye, as if looking for some one. Then, putting two fingers into his mouth he blew three long shrill whistles with a little curl at the end. Then he paused and waited. In a moment, Jimmie Bilkins appeared with a long, swinging trot.

"Well," said Willie, when Jimmie stopped panting, "did you git off?"

"Sure," said Jimmie.

"Come on, then," said Willie. "I'll be conductor and engineer the first hour, and you'll be fireman. Then, the second hour we'll change places."

"All right," said Jimmie.

They passed through the large stable lot into a smaller lot fenced off lying behind the stable. This was the boys' paradise. Here they had a horizontal box where they performed wonderful feats. There was an old heavy ox-wagon standing in one corner, and this was a source of perpetual delight. The boys, with the help of Willie's toolbox had made a locomotive of this old wagon. Two coal-oil barrels had been secured to the tongue and made an excellent boiler. An old cast off smoke-stack of a stationary engine had been erected and made solid by means of wires. This made a splendid smoke-stack for the locomotive. Some white pine drygoods boxes from the store had been

ingeniously transformed into an engine cab and tender. An old cow bell had been fixed to one of the coal-oil barrels and it gave out a doleful sound when the fireman rang for the crossings. Willie had fashioned quite a respectable-looking lever and throttle, and a large yellow thermometer, a mustard advertisement was nailed up for the steam gauge.

"A-l-l A-b-o-a-r-d!" rang out Willie's shrill voice in his capacity of conductor. Then swaggering up and down the platform, with an old lantern swinging from his left arm, he saw to it that all the passengers were aboard. Then, in a moment, he was metamorphosed into an engineer. Mounting into the cab, he hangs up the lantern, glances at the steam gauge, takes off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, and puts on a cap he has in his pocket.

"Well, Jim, how is she?"

"All right, sir."

"Keep her red hot."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Then, three long whistles for the start, Jim with a big shovel throwing in imaginary coal. Jim then swings the furnace door to, seizes the bell rope, the old cow bell clangs out its doleful note. The engineer throws the lever forward, and gradually opens the throttle. There's a hissing sound (through Willie's teeth).

"She starts—she moves—she seems to feel

The thrill of life along her keel."

"Choo-choo-choo-choo-choo-choo-choo-choo, choo, choo, choo, choo, choo, choo," gradually getting faster and faster, until the train is roaring along at the rate of a mile a minute, the engineer with the eye of a falcon watching the track ahead, and tooting for the crossings and the old cows on the track. This is the morning's program, the boys taking turn about, until both are hoarse from tooting, and from so much "choo-chooing" are spitting cotton. Ah! wonderful imagination of the child! 'Tis one of Aladdin's genii, waving his all powerful wand, crowning and dethroning kings, racing with the greyhounds of the sea or riding the iron horse over illimitable, flower-enamedled prairies; now delving into the diamond paved grottoes of earth; now soaring through the clouds of heaven; now roaming the mysterious field of Luna; now playing marbles with the stars.

At last, 'tis eleven o'clock, and motioning Jimmie for silence, peering cautiously around, Willie leads the way to a narrow stairway going up to a small square-railed platform, from which a little door opens

into the stable loft. When they had entered and closed the door, in the dim, half light, Willie lets Jimmie into his secret.

"You see, Jimmie, I'm going to play Santa Klaus tonight and have some fun with the girls, and I've got everything here just ready. Now, les' see what it looks like," and Willie, whipping out a match box lights a candle in a great red-faced mask arranged on the end of a broom-stick. Attached to the mask he had a long, loose-flowing, white robe, spangled with bits of gold-paper. Getting inside he secured the robe under his arms with a leather belt and, holding the broomstick aloft, he started towards Jimmie. It was a fearful-looking apparition and Jimmie shrieked with laughter.

"That's great! Let me have it when you get through with it, and I'll have some fun at my home, too."

"Hush, not so loud," said Willie, "you'll have old Mose up here nosing around. All right, you may have it, when I get through with it."

So the boys worked for an hour putting on the finishing touches, until the bell rang for lunch. That was truly a busy afternoon at the church. The Sanctuary Society was out in full force. Some were making garlands of cedar to festoon the Sanctuary. Great baskets of it were standing here and there. Some were working at the new Crib to be erected for the first time in Pulaski. Some were arranging flowers in large, beautiful vases. Father Horrell has fine taste about the altar.

"Don't overdress it," he said, "a few bouquets well made and tastefully arranged show the beauty of both flowers and altar. An over-dressed altar is like an overdressed woman—ridiculous."

"Humph!" muttered Father Johnson, '*sotto voce*', "I wish he'd work a few of his ideas about decorations into some of the sacristans I know."

Knowing this, the ladies got only the best. Two very large vases of American Beauty roses near the tabernacle, and two smaller vases of carnations. The altar was tastefully trimmed with smilax. Then, two large poinsettias on pedestals below the steps, and behind them a dense bank of ferns and palms. The effect was exquisite. It's always good to have some one around on such occasions to run errands, so, Willie and Billy Buttons stood at the beck and call of the ladies, and many a trip they made. 'Twas fine to behold the proud, beautiful little horse, conscious, as it were, of his importance, with his intrepid rider,

dashing down the street, and almost everyone stopped to look after them and admire.

II.

The girls and Willie got to confession in the afternoon as there were three confessors, Father Horrell, Father Stanton, the assistant, and Father Fidelis, the Benedictine. When dinner was over, Grace and the other girls went back to the church, Grace for the final choir practice, and the others to help put the finishing touches to the altar and the crib. The men folks got in line at Father Fidelis' confessional. Mrs. Maloney, Willie and the servants stayed home to take care of the house. This was Willie's opportunity; so, slipping out to the stable, he got his costume up to his room without detection. After putting everything in readiness, he and Jimmie Bilkins and Carlo, made the night hideous racing up and down the street. It was a hard job for Willie to keep his eyes open until the return of the girls from the church, but he managed it by perpetual motion. At last, about ten o'clock, he heard the cheery laugh of Uncle Stanhope and the chatter of the girls about a half block away, and like a flash, he disappeared into his room. After partaking of a little lunch which Mrs. Maloney had thoughtfully provided in the dining room, all ascended laughing and chatting to their rooms and the house became quiet. Willie, however, like a burglar, was on the alert. His room was dark, but that plotter, with the door slightly open, was listening with straining ears to every sound. No cat watching for a mouse was ever more still, more tense, more highly keyed than was William Tecumseh Maloney. Finally his patience was rewarded. The door of Grace's room opened and a stream of light flooded the corridor. Willie quickly closed the door and peeped out through a most unimaginable chink. Grace robed in a kimono knocked at Anne's door.

"Have you anything down in the laundry?" she whispered.

"Yes, I have," replied Anne.

"Come, then, let us go down," said Grace. "See, if Catherine wants to come."

Anne knocked. Catherine had something down there also. So the three young ladies pattered down the stairs. Nothing could suit Willie better. He picked up his disguise and softly tiptoed after them, but stopped at the head of the narrow stairway leading down into the laundry. Up this stairway came a flood of light. Willie lit his candle and carefully adjusted it in its place in the grotesque head he had

prepared. Then, slipping into his robe, he fastened it, and holding up his broomstick he stood ready and waiting for his nefarious work. He hadn't long to wait. The girls, each laden with her finery for the morrow, came tripping gaily up the stairs, having extinguished the electric light in the laundry. Thus the corridor was lighted only by the reflected light from the corridor above, a kind of semi-darkness. As they emerged from the dungeon-like darkness of the stairway and turned to take the next stairs Catherine gave a gasp.

"Heavens! What's that?"

Anne gave a little scream just such as became the dignity of a staid schoolmarm. Grace breathed hard, but said nothing. But, automatically, the three girls retreated about ten feet and stood holding to one another contemplating the frightful looking spectre wobbling its big head, moving slowly towards them and gazing at them with eyes of fire. This movement brought Willie just in front of the vault-like opening of the stairway which made a fine frame for the wobbling head. There was a table against the wall, just where the girls were grouped, and unconsciously they had laid their finery upon it. Now, Grace, whether by malice aforethought, or sheer pluck, or nervousness, I know not, whispered to the others, "When I count three, we'll rush it, whatever it is." "*One! two! three!*" Like a center rush of a football team the three girls darted forward and they struck Santa Klaus amidships—just at the spot where Willie held the broomstick. Down he went heels over head into the stairway, emitting a fearful yell at every bump. Fortunately the candle went out, or he would have been burned to death. As it was, he sprawled out on the laundry floor, in the dark, inextricably mixed up with his robe, falseface, and broomstick, yelling like a Comanche Indian, "Help! help! help!" The girls hesitated for a few moments, but hearing a voice that sounded strangely familiar, they ran down and turned on the light. There was something floundering about the floor like a pig in a sack. While the girls stood there contemplating this object in fear and wonder, hesitating, Mr. Maloney's stentorian voice sounded down the stairway:

"What's all this noise about?"

Looking up the girls saw their father in his pajamas, and behind him, looking over his shoulder, was Uncle Stanhope in an old fashioned nightshirt, a broad grin photographed on his face.

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

NOTE: In the August Liguorian: "A Conference at Mike's Place."

Catholic Anecdotes

"FREEDOM FROM MORTAL SIN AND A GOOD INTENTION"

"ACADEMY OF OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

December 10, 1912.

"DEAREST MAMMA:

"It is only five days since I wrote to you about my Christmas box, but I simply can't help writing to you again to tell you of the great privilege we girls enjoy here at the Academy. We are allowed to go to Holy Communion *every single day!* O mamma, you can't imagine how lovely that is! We used to think that Communion day was such a solemn, gloomy day, but now we look upon it as a day of joy. We used to be afraid to go oftener than once a month because we thought we were not good enough, but Father Peter, the Chaplain, says that the Holy Father has expressly declared that, for a worthy daily Communion, nothing else is necessary than *freedom from mortal sin and a good intention*

"Your affectionate child,

"IRENE."

The letter in Mrs. Shevlin's hand has not come by this morning's post for it is soiled and crumpled by many a reading, and besides it is dated December, and today is August 20. No, but Mrs. Shevlin is thinking of her joy when she first read it, and in her bitterness of heart she is soliloquising: "It is full two months since Irene came home for vacation, and, what with parties and excursions and 'gentlemen friends', she has not been to Holy Communion once; and last Sunday I had trouble enough to get her up in time even for the late Mass. Where are the effects of those daily Communions? Were they not worthy? I trust that my little girl had the first requisite, freedom from mortal sin; I wonder if she had the second, a good intention."

TO MUCH SEASONING.

Raymond has just passed his fifteenth birthday, and modern city life is having the usual effect upon him—he is fast becoming convinced that the only object in life is *enjoyment*. He was at a picture show last

night, though his poor mother can ill afford the nickels; he was at a party the night before; this afternoon he teased and teased until she let him stay away from school for a base ball game. Now he is home hungry and tired, yet he is scarcely in the house before he resumes his usual tactics of begging and pouting and promising and pleading to go to another picture show tonight. "All the other boys are going!" and "You never let me have any fun!" and "It's the only chance I'll have to see a show like that!"

Mother did not argue with him, but continued her work, and when she called, "Raymond, come and take your supper", the hungry boy forgot the picture show for the moment, and eagerly took his seat at the table.

"Didn't my boy forget to say his grace?"

Raymond rose reluctantly. The words on his lips were, "Bless us, O Lord," but the thoughts in his mind were: "I wonder what good things are in all those covered dishes that ma uses only when we have a feast".

"I am going down to Mrs. Harvey's, Raymond. I shall return in an hour," said mother, as she pinned on her shawl and hurried out to the street. He uncovered the nearest dish. He looked, hesitated, tasted. It was filled with—*salt!* Pushing it impatiently away, he uncovered the next—*pepper!* Then the third—*mustard!* He looked about the table in despair; nothing remained but a cruet of *vinegar* and a bottle of *Tabasco sauce!* He ran to the pantry; it was locked. Mystified, hungry, enraged, he waited through that endless hour till his mother returned.

"Why, Raymond," she said, "you did not take your supper!"

It was too much. With a burst of hot angry tears, he cried:

"Ma, how could you do that?"

"You always said that you liked seasoning!"

"You know yourself," came between convulsive sobs, "that I like a little seasoning with my food. But to take so much, to take nothing else—that's poison."

"I want my Raymond to grow up a manly man (she had dropped down on the sofa beside her son and put her arms about his neck); and I wanted to teach him that pleasure, enjoyment, recreation, is only the seasoning of life. Taken with a goodly amount of serious work it is beneficial for everybody; but to take too much, to take nothing else—that is moral poison!"

ROOSEVELT ON SOUTH AMERICA.

Some parts of his account in the *Outlook* are of special interest to us, "Then Father Zahm took me," he says, "to see, first, the Sisters of Mercy, and the house of an order of Monks, the Passionists. The Sisters of Mercy were, in a sense, old friends of mine, for I knew well many branches of their order in the United States, and after I was shot I had been taken care of by them in Mercy Hospital, Chicago. Among the Passionists, also, I met plenty of men with whom I found myself at once in touch; one Brother was a fellow New Yorker, another hastily introduced himself as being of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, yet another was an American of Irish descent, yet another was a cousin of a close friend and ally of mine at home."

"Finally, the head of the order, Father Fidelis, was an American, a Bostonian, a graduate of Harvard in the same class with Oliver Wendell Holmes the younger. Like Holmes, he had fought in the Civil War, joining the Second Massachusetts; and with his tall, erect figure and lighting face, it seemed to me I could still hear the clank of the cavalry sabre as he walked."

A METHODIST TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC CHARITY.

The *Southern Messenger* prints the following contribution from the Rev. H. M. Ellis in the *Western Methodist*, Little Rock, Ark.:

One morning the big, blue-coated policeman on duty at the Union Depot saw a little woman bending over the wee babe in her lap and weeping as if her heart would break. He stopped for a moment to take in the situation and be sure of the need. Then, stepping up to her, he touched her on the arm and, lifting his hat, said:

"Excuse me, madam, but you seem to be in such distress I would be glad to help you if I could. Is there anything I can do for you?"

She lifted her face to his, the tears streaming down her cheeks, and sobbed:

"Oh, sir, I am just passing through the city on my way home, and must wait till evening for my train. I don't know a soul here. My baby has been taken violently ill, and is just burning with fever. I am so afraid he will die before I can get home."

The big officer looked at the little fellow's flushed, drawn face, and saw there was no mistake about his being very sick. He thought for a moment of the little tot in his own home, whose laughter was music

to his heart, and whom he loved to bounce on his knee, and as he gently laid his hand on the scorching little brow, he said earnestly:

"If I were you, madam, I'd take the baby to the hospital at once."

"Oh," she cried, the anguish on her face deepening, and the tears gushing forth afresh. "I have no money to pay for hospital treatment. I have barely enough to pay my fare home."

"That will not make any difference, madam," the policeman answered, reassuringly. "Just take the baby to the Catholic hospital and tell them your circumstances, and they will not charge you a cent."

"But I'm a Methodist," she said, her face brightening as a new hope came to her. "Why not take my baby to a Methodist hospital?"

For a moment the big officer's glance dropped before her appealing eyes, and he moved from one foot to the other in embarrassment. For once he was ashamed of his Church. It was unprepared for this emergency of its own member, and he flinched before the enforced comparison.

Hesitatingly and sadly he replied:

"I'm a Methodist myself, madam, and I am ashamed to tell you there isn't a Methodist hospital in our city, nor anywhere else in the South, so far as I know."

The conversation ended by the officer telephoning the hospital of the need. In a short time the ambulance was at the depot, and the mother and babe were borne swiftly to where help awaited. Three good Sisters met them at the door, one taking the baby, while the others cared for the mother. In a few minutes baby was on a clean, soft bed in a cozy room, and the doctor and nurses were giving him every attention. A telegram was sent to the father explaining the necessary delay. At night a cot was placed by the baby's bed so that mother could lie by her little darling.

Now, do you wonder that when that good Methodist woman in that Catholic hospital knelt that night by her baby's bed to pray, as was her custom, there was a new petition, which she had never before dreamed would be a part of her prayer, swelled from her heart and rose from her lips: "God bless the good Catholic people who built this hospital and those who have been so loving and kind to baby and me!" It was right for her to pray as she did. She would have been ungrateful and ignoble had she done less.

For several days the little life hovered in the balance. Then treatment and care won. After nearly three weeks the happy mother, with

her weak but restored baby, was able to go home. In a few weeks it was learned that the father and mother and three children had joined the Catholic Church—the church which went to their relief in their time of distress.

Dr. Duncan McDougall is reported as saying that, by means of very delicate scales, he has discovered the weight of the human soul. If the Doctor really said this then we must conclude that it would require still more delicate scales to weigh the grey matter in the Doctor's brain.

The Catholics of the United States have again and again requested the management of the San Francisco Exposition to prevent the Italian government from offering them a gratuitous insult by sending Ernesto Nathan as official representative. The repeated requests of the Catholics have been absolutely ignored. That is why the Alumni Association of the American College at Rome have changed the plans for their convention. Instead of holding it in San Francisco, as at first intended, they will hold it in Chicago. Many other Catholic organizations are contemplating similar action. There was a time when American Catholic citizens could be insulted with impunity—that time is past!

Anna Lowry, who delivered a lewd, filthy, obscene anti-Catholic lecture at Winona, Minn., March 15, was tried and convicted as a criminal; but the women, who eagerly swallowed what she said, are refined, respectable! At least so says the world; but for our part, we must confess that we could never see such a marked distinction between foul carrion and the buzzards that devour it.

Cardinals Gibbons, Farley, and O'Connell have had their audiences with the Holy Father. He gave each a long, private audience—much longer than the doctors allowed—and showed surprising knowledge of American affairs and the deepest interest in the American people.

So long as a sinner is obstinate, Mary cannot love him; but if he (finding himself enchain'd by some passion which keeps him a slave of hell) recommends himself to the Blessed Virgin, and implores her, with confidence and perseverance, to withdraw him from the state of sin in which he is, there can be no doubt but that this good Mother will extend her powerful hand to him, and free him from his chains, and lead him to a state of salvation.—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

Pointed Paragraphs

VISITATION.

There was joy in the house of Zachary—Elizabeth broke forth into that inspired prayer, “Blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb”! Her infant son, John the Baptist, leaped in his mother’s womb for very gladness and was freed from the stain of original sin! The holy old man, Zachary, thanked God in silence and wondered at the mercy of his ways. There was joy in the house of Zachary on that memorable second of July, for Mary had visited there!

Enter the charmed circle of a truly Catholic home: it is ruled by the firm, gentle, loving hand of parental authority. Husband and wife understand the sacredness of their office and reverently accept from the God who joined them together the burdens as well as the consolations of their state. The children are respectful and obedient, the girls are modest and retiring, the boys are open and frank, all are kind and helpful to one another. When you see such a home you may be sure that Mary has visited there.

VACATION “WHYS.”

Why are there ten commandments of God during the year and not half that number in vacation?

Why is conduct that is sinful at home called “the grandest time” while away?

Why are looks and exposures that are immodest in the parlor quite proper on the beach?

Why are the attentions of un-introduced strangers indignantly repulsed in the car and on the street but boldly solicited in the summer hotel?

Why is virtue wrecked upon the ocean sands more often than ships? Why does behaviour grow brazen while faces are bronzed? Why are the Sacraments neglected and Mass forgotten and prayers unsaid? Why do winter tears try in vain to wash away summer stains? Why does the curse of God brood darkly over many a bright resort?

THEY SHOULD WORRY.

Here is an excerpt from a resolution laid before the Presbyterian convention in Kansas City by one of the "eminent divines" who composed the convention: . . . "Whereas, Romanism is a giant force making against civil and religious liberty, as history abundantly proves, and Whereas, the bold encroachments on the majestic interests of our republic . . . and, Whereas, in view of the above facts, a foreign potentate on the Tiber throne controls the votes of Roman Catholics in our republic, thus defeating the primal ends of our fathers in founding this great nation; therefore be it Resolved, that we request the Federal council of churches to weigh these facts and, if in their judgment feasible, establish a bureau of information where all the constituent churches can secure all needed data in blocking the advances of the Roman Church in this land of the Pilgrim Fathers."

Then these "successors of St. Paul" (being mostly from the tall timber) took a recess to help their wives choose new bonnets and visit the picture shows of Kansas City, and to read in the daily papers how many more Catholics had died in defence of the flag of Mexico—They should worry!!!

"THERE IS DEATH IN THE POT."

The mental food daily set before us is the public newspaper. But must not every God-fearing soul that has tasted thereof cry out in alarm with the sons of the Prophet in the Bible, "There is death in the pot!" The daily press is operated for sordid gain. Therefore its work, its ideals, its effects must be sordid. The stream cannot rise higher than its source; human effort often falls below, but seldom soars above, the mark at which it aims. Honest, noble, pure-minded men, hundreds upon hundreds of them, are working upon the daily press; but they cannot change its nature. So long as it is operated for sordid gain, sordid gain will be the measure with which all their productions must square. Not the purity of heart, the uprightness of mind, which it will foster in the readers, will decide the fate of each production, but the dollars and cents it will bring into the pockets of the shareholders. The daily press, one of the most powerful instruments for spiritual good or evil, is prostituted to Mammon. And who

is there so presumptuous as to say that he can daily partake of the food consecrated to this false god and not weaken in his devotion to the Almighty?

A commercialized press will never reform itself. This mighty power for spiritual good will never accomplish what God intends it should accomplish until it goes forth to feed truth-hungry minds directed and purified by the Church. *The crying need of the Catholics of this land is a great Catholic daily press!*

You say that that is a tremendous undertaking, that it will require a world-wide Catholic news agency, a Catholic interoceanic cable, that a million dollars will not be enough to begin the work, that there will be danger of envy and opposition and bungling and dishonesty and scandal and failure! I agree with you on every point and nevertheless I tell you that the work will begin, and the work will ultimately succeed. I will even admit that the first promoters may die in disgrace, broken-hearted and abandoned—such is the early history of well nigh every great undertaking; but nevertheless able men will be found ready to make the sacrifice. God never fails to raise up the right men at the right time, and it is safe to say that the dauntless heroes are already born and living here amongst us who will devote life and honor to this cause. A great Catholic daily press is the need of the hour, and a great Catholic daily press we shall surely have!

WHAT RIGHT HAS HE TO CELEBRATE?

The God of armies will look down upon festive America on Independence Day, and His Divine Eye will behold no more disgusting display of brazen-faced hypocrisy than the corrupt politician celebrating the Fourth of July! The heroes who gave us Independence Day sacrificed all their own interests for the good of the country—the corrupt politician sacrifices all the interests of the country for his own good.

FOURTH-OF-JULY MASS.

The Fourth-of-July spirit should be a spirit of gladness and of gratitude to God. You are a citizen of the greatest, the freest, the most enterprising and prosperous country on the face of the globe. Are you glad? Undoubtedly; your conduct shows it. Are you also

grateful? Ah, that is not so plainly evident. If you spend the entire day in eating and drinking and natural pleasures without a single thought of the kind Father in heaven who gave you this glorious country, then I am afraid you are not grateful. It is a full holiday; why not give a little of it to God? Go to church in the morning; offer up the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass in thanksgiving; if possible receive Holy Communion for the same intention. Then give up the remainder of the day to innocent enjoyment, and I assure you that it will be the happiest Fourth-of-July you have ever spent.

THE JOYS OF WEALTH.

Alarmed at the I. W. W. demonstrations, John D. Rockefeller has doubled the number of negro guards whom he keeps locked inside the wall that surrounds his residence. He has also installed electric wires by means of which he can signal to them during the night to see whether they are carefully on the watch. Formerly he was obliged to rise several times during the night and go to the window and call out, "Are you there?"

Such are the joys wealth brings to its possessors. And there are many who will sacrifice their immortal soul and the endless delights of paradise in order to obtain it.

THE LAW OF GOD THE SOLUTION OF THE LABOR QUESTION

The Church points out clearly God's law for employers and employees. So long as employers continue to break this law and neglect or oppress their employees, we may expect to see employees break it also and repeat acts of destruction and bloodshed. A case in point is the mine strike in Colorado. Many of the employees committed outrages against law and order; but were the employers blameless? Young Rockefeller who, thanks to his inherited millions, owns the greater part of those mines—young Rockefeller in whose interests these thousands of miners are wearing away their lives "admitted quite frankly," says the *Survey*, "that he had not been in Colorado for ten years, and that he had not attended a directors' meeting in that length of time, that he did not know the wages paid the Colorado miners, or the rent charged them in the company's houses, or whether

they could ever acquire a title to their own homes, or what profit the company made out of the stores, or whether it had bought any guns and ammunition. He had not personally talked to any miners, and their condition, so far as he knew, had never been the subject of correspondence between himself and the officers of the company."

A WORD TO PARENTS

What is the staple literature in your home? The daily paper. Was it not your daughter whom I overheard the other evening at the Sodality meeting saying: "I am following up the Becker murder trial. It is so interesting"? Was it not your son who day after day greedily devoured the lurid reports of the execution of four New York toughs? When your children put down that paper are their hearts purer, their ideals nobler, than when they took it up?

The chief of police in Yonkers, New York, has forbidden the reading of the daily paper in the police station because he found it demoralizing to his men. And do you parents consider it the most edifying literature for your growing sons and daughters?

DEATH

There is but one real failure in this world, but that one is absolute, hopeless. It is *death in mortal sin*. Death will come when we least expect it. A hurried glance over the daily papers will prove this. Last December a Wisconsin farmer was found dead on the road, and, scattered about him, were the Christmas toys he was bringing home to his children. On March 18 of this year a little Chicago girl dropped dead while playing before the home. March 22, the sexton at Tempealeau, Wis., dropped dead while assisting at a funeral. On the same day, in a Michigan town, the new church bell tolled for the first time for the man who had built the belfry. May 14, a man fell dead in an Oshkosh saloon. On the same day a young man in Illinois, who was to be married the following week, was found dead in his room. May 19, a young couple were drowned in the drainage canal near Lemont, Ill., three hours after their runaway marriage. June 6, two men were found dead in their bath tubs. May 28, an ocean liner on the St. Lawrence was rammed, sunk in ten minutes, and 964 of those on board were drowned.

Death will come when we least expect it. The only assurance against death in mortal sin is never to dare to remain for a single day in that state. Jesus Christ, Himself, has warned us, "Be ye ready, for at what hour you know not, the Son of Man will come".

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Why do we celebrate the Declaration of Independence? Why not rather the surrender of Cornwallis, the signing of the treaty of peace, the recognition of our young Republic by the nations of the world? Because the declaration of independence was the most important of all; it was the decisive action. It did not mean that the struggle was over, that success was assured; but it meant that every victory would count, every success would be permanent, while, without this Declaration, the most brilliant victories would leave us little better off than we were before—slaves of a foreign power.

Christian, have you made your declaration of independence? You were created by God free and independent, but a foreign power has been trying to tyrannize over you. That foreign power was human respect, that foreign power was false modern teaching, that foreign power was evil association, that foreign power was greed, was intemperance, was lust! Declare your independence! It will not mean that the war is over, that you can enjoy undisturbed tranquility for the remainder of your days, without ever an attack from your old-time tyrant masters. No, but it will mean that you have taken a firm stand, that you have cast your part with God and not with the world, that you have called a halt to self-deception, to weak resistance, to dishonorable compromises, and to divided allegiance. And that in the end will mean victory.

"IN HASTE"

On July the second we celebrate the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary to her cousin St. Elizabeth. When Mary heard that the aged woman was about to become a mother, Scripture says that she "went into the hill country in haste to visit her". When our women hear that a neighbor is sick, that a neighbor's child is dying, they do not wait to be asked, they go "in haste" to bring aid and consolation to the afflicted. When our men learn that a fellow workman has had his

limbs crushed in an accident, they go "in haste" and sacrifice their much needed rest to spend the night at his bedside. Our men and women do this gladly—even those who have forgotten the teachings of the Virgin's Son, who are no longer Christians. They think that it is their humanitarianism, their natural goodness of heart; but they are mistaken. It is only one of the many beautiful traits of the imitation of Mary that they have received as an heirloom from ancestors who lived in the ages of faith. It will take centuries of unbelief before all these practices of Christian charity are once more swallowed up completely in the heartlessness of paganism.

MARRIAGE IS A LOTTERY.

Even at best marriage is a lottery, and unhappy those who fail to draw a prize. Then why make it even more risky than it naturally is? Why such a horror of marrying a member of your own parish? Is Jack any worse because you have known him all your life?—perhaps made mud pies with him in your mother's yard? Mind, I am not forgetting the delicate process of refinement through which you have passed since then—been graduated from the high school and all that, perhaps even went to the academy. But Jack, too, has learned a thing or two in the meantime, even though he had to quit the halls of learning sooner than you. He has learned how to make an honest living for himself and a good thrifty helpmate. He has learned how to hold fast to his religion and to his principles of sobriety and honesty in spite of the temptations of a wicked world. Ah, but Jack has his faults! Granted; still you know what they are, which is more than you can say for the tall stranger with the black mustache whom you look upon as your demigod. Believe me, black whiskers may cover a multitude of evil habits that you little dream of! Take honest Jack (you know that you have a soft spot in your heart for him); and don't make the lottery of marriage more risky than it naturally is.

It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving,
But it scattered the night,
Like morning light,
And made the day worth living.

Catholic Events

A High Mass was sung this morning (May 24) at the shrine of our Lady of Peace, for the successful outcome of the mediation negotiations. There were present one of the A. B. C. envoys, both of the Mexican delegates, and two of the American delegates. Senors da Gama and Suarez were invited, but, on account of a misunderstanding, were not apprised of it.—*Standard and Times*.

* * *

American Catholics made known their reasonable objections to Nathan as Italian delegate to the Panama Exposition, after his repeated public insults to the Pope. Nevertheless Nathan is here. Even before he landed, there hastened out to greet him Mr. Moore, president of the Exposition, and Commissioner Norris, a large delegation of Grand Orient and American Masons, representatives of the Guardians of Liberty, and of a New York anti-Catholic paper. They are laughing at us; but if we stay away from the Exposition the laugh will be changed. He who laughs last, laughs best!

* * *

Exiled Redemptorists from Mexico have recounted their experiences in the *Liguorian* office. They were thrown out of their own house by Villa's men, and, after a long trip, partly on foot, reached the Redemptorist house in San Antonio, Texas, more dead than alive. It is the second banishment for one of them; he was doing missionary work in Portugal at the time of the revolution and barely escaped with his life.

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Gustave Pons, a French army Captain, has been received into the Benedictine Order at Dourge, France. Several of his fellow officers were present at the reception, in full uniform.

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In a recent church gathering at Washington Vice-President Marshall said: "There is too much science and too little God Almighty in America's educational system today.—*Morning Star* (New Orleans).

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Father McLoughlin of Fishguard, South Wales, found a poor sick tramp lying in a field. He wrapped his own cloak around the sufferer and helped convey him to a hospital. The result was that the good Priest took sick from exposure to the cold and died.

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Sister Angela died a few weeks ago at St. Lo, France, from meningitis contracted while nursing soldiers afflicted with that disease.

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On the second of last month the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius was repeated before the civil and ecclesiastical authorities and a great throng of people.

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Thomas E. Watson has been indicted again on the charge of sending indecent matter through the mails in his attack on the Catholic Church.

Meditation on death has produced the usual effect upon Police Lieutenant Charles Becker. He has entered the Catholic Church. While in health and prosperity men are often satisfied with something "just as good", but when the decisive moment arrives they want the real article.

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The recent elections in France have left the Catholic party in a relatively worse condition than it was before.

* * *

Sicily has suffered from another earthquake shock that destroyed, in whole or in part, several villages and killed 200 people. The self-sacrificing devotion of the Clergy and the Sisters on this occasion won words of warmest gratitude from a high official of the anti-Catholic government. The Holy Father likewise sent liberal donations from his scanty means.

* * *

Count Boni di Castellane has been trying to have the Church declare his marriage with Anna Gould declared null on the ground that a diriment impediment was present in the case. Anna has just made a grandiose declaration that she will no longer fight against the declaration. It makes little difference whether she does or not; the Royal Judges will thresh out the matter and decide according to the facts, not according to anybody's likes or dislikes.

* * *

The ocean liner that carried Cardinal Farley to Rome hoisted the Papal flag in his honor.

* * *

The Catholic lawyers of Massachusetts are planning a league wherein they will bind themselves never to appear in a divorce case except to fight against it. Whenever, after sincere efforts, they cannot effect a reconciliation, they will dismiss the parties and let them go elsewhere for legal advice.

* * *

Catholic parents in David County, Neb., secured an injunction restraining a Protestant minister from pronouncing the benediction at the commencement exercises in the public school which their children attend. Said minister took advantage of a like occasion last year to insult the Catholic Church.

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Two sisters of Charity of New Jersey received the highest honors in the graduating class of the College of Pharmacy in Newark.

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The total amount collected by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith last year is \$1,622,996. France leads; the United States come second with \$440,004.

The Sisters of Mercy, New York, have received a gift of \$200,000 from Mrs. Susan Devin for a home for Catholic working girls.

* * *

Rev. Mother Marienna, of Molokai recently celebrated her golden jubilee. It is thirty-one years since she left her convent in New York to go to Molokai and care for the lepers.

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The records of the investigation of the Carlyle Indian schools state that public money has been there paid out to ministers of every religious denomination except the Catholic.

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A free Catholic high school for boys will open in New York next September. When completed, the building will cost \$1,500,000.

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Mgr. Patrick Hayes has been appointed second Auxiliary Bishop of New York.

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The municipal elections held in Rome, May 14, resulted in the election of the entire Catholic and monarchist ticket. Nathan, the leader of the anti-clerical party, barely had enough votes to get on the ticket, being 6,000 behind his adversary.

* * *

Italian Socialists and Anarchists have again forced themselves on the public notice by looting and burning a few score of churches. With all their love of equality it is strange they do not attack "somebody their size".

* * *

By the will of James Campbell the Medical Department of the Jesuit University of St. Louis will, in the course of time, receive twenty-five million dollars. Mr. Campbell was always the true friend of Catholic charities. One bitterly cold winter morning he came to the office at an unusually early hour and ordered his secretary to write out a check of \$5,000 for the Little Sisters of the Poor.

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Since the Catholics in Ireland have begun to enlist volunteers to defend their rights against the lawless Orangemen, England has come to the conclusion that it is possible for her to keep peace in Ireland after all.

* * *

Religion-haters are trying to pass laws of Church taxation in order to add to the burdens of those who are willing to contribute to the support of religion. Watch them.

* * *

A large number of prominent Californians, both Catholic and non-Catholic, refused to meet Nathan at the reception given in his honor in San Francisco.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to Rev. P. Geiermann, C. Ss. R., Oconomowoc, Wis.)

If we really mean well what difference does it make to God what we eat, what we do, or to what church we go?

Sacred Scripture tells us that man is made to the image and likeness of God. Hence, when man acts in accordance with right reason he acts according to the mind of God. Let me ask you, therefore, what difference does it make to you if your friends are indifferent to you, if they neglect to pay their honest debts, if they overwhelm you with ingratitude, if they defraud you and make common cause with your sworn enemy? If our divine Savior condemned the Pharisees of old for making an external show of religion while they were consumed with pride and selflove, what must He think of our modern hypocrites who pretend to be honest while they are deliberately indifferent to the claims of truth and justice?

To what saint should I pray to find my vocation?

Receive Holy Communion frequently and pray the rosary daily for this intention. If you do not want to do this much at least say three Hail Marys every morning and night, that our dear Lady may keep you from bad habits and obtain for you the special dispensations of divine Providence that will invariably lead you to your true vocation.

Does a child that dies in its baptismal innocence have as high a place in heaven as its mother who has borne the trials of life in a Christian spirit?

By no means. The child indeed receives the beatitude of heaven through the solicitude of its parents in having it baptized, but the mother's reward is increased by the reward of every act of her life of labor, prayer, and sacrifice.

We are having lots of fun with a Ouija Board. My brother says it works by auto-suggestion. What do you think of it?

It may be possible that the movements of the Ouija Board have thus far been due to the unconscious action

of your brother and yourself. But it cannot be denied that the devil likes to excite our curiosity about occult things and thereby to draw us into superstitious practices. It is well for you and your brother to beware of the snares of the devil. No auto-suggestion could move the Ouija Board to reveal what neither you nor your brother ever knew before. As soon as it begins to impart information of this nature you may be sure that the devil has taken a hand in the movements. Personally I do not believe in auto-suggestion in connection with any of these amusements on the borderland of faith. I had an opportunity some years ago of observing a rather loquacious Ouija Board. Taking up my ritual and stole I blessed the board unknown to the manipulators and sprinkled it with holy water. That put an end to all so-called auto-suggestion as well as all diabolical intervention. Ouija was as one paralyzed, and no amount of coaxing could elicit a movement on the board.

Must I confess what I did not know to be wrong when I did it?

To make a good confession you must confess only the mortal sins you have committed since your last good confession or forgotten in former confessions. As far as the integrity of your confession is concerned you are not obliged to confess your venial sins. "What you did not know to be wrong when you did it" is not even matter for confession, though it may be for direction. There can be no formal sin where there is no knowledge or no advertance to the sinfulness of an action, unless the ignorance itself was voluntary, which yours was not. However, if the matter worries you, I will suggest for your peace of mind to mention it to your director when you go to confession the next time.

Is it a sin for a woman to vote at the elections?

Where the right to vote has been extended to women, it is not a sin but a civic duty for them to exercise this right conscientiously.

If God is infinitely good why do we inherit the sin of our first parents?

The works of God appear in their right perspective when they are not vitiated by the malice of His creatures. His infinite goodness is evident in the work of creation. Though He did not need man, God made him to His own image and likeness and started him on the way to heaven enriched with original justice and holiness. Now, as God is immutable, we have no reason to question His goodness merely because our first parents abused His gifts and left us their sin as an inheritance. In God's wise designs the preternatural and supernatural gifts bestowed on Adam were to be transmitted by him to his descendants. When he forfeited them by sin the infinite goodness of God again manifested itself by supplying all of good will with superabundant means of attaining holiness and eternal fruition.

Is it wrong to read other persons' letters?

Every one has an innate right to his own secrets or private affairs. By writing them to another these private affairs become the property of both, and there rests on all mankind the obligation of respecting this right. To read the letters of others without a just reason would be a sin more or less grave accord'g to the injury done to the writer or to the recipient. A just reason for reading the letters of others would be: 1) the express or implied permission of the writer or of the recipient; 2) your obligation as parent or guardian towards the writer or the recipient, when these are still children; 3) your position as a public official when the opening of private correspondence is necessary for the common good; 4) your position as superior of a school, academy, college, or religious community; 5) finally, the law of selfpreservation would justify you in reading another's letter when this is necessary to protect yourself against the unjust vexations of the writer. But you would not be justified in opening the letters of others to promote your personal interest, much less to satisfy your idle curiosity.

Is religion and church-membership one and the same? And if so, am I not free to choose my own religion?

Religion and membership in a church are not one and the same. Religion

is man's debt to God. It is inborn in him, for it arises from his dependence on God. Man is dependent on God in a fourfold way and owes Him a fourfold debt: as the creature man owes God adoration, as the beneficiary he owes his Benefactor gratitude, as the subject he owes his Sovereign obedience and atonement, and as a pilgrim, making the journey of life, he must pray to God for light and strength to attain his final end.

As man is entirely dependent on God it would be presumptuous for him to dictate to the Almighty how he is to pay the debt of religion. By sin man has become an insolvent debtor that has been redeemed by Jesus Christ. As a beggar before the throne of God man can now pay Him the debt of religion in an acceptable manner only by living in union with his eternal High Priest. To enable all of good will to cultivate a personal union with Him, Jesus Christ has established the Catholic Church. It is every one's duty to God, to Christ, and to himself to belong to this divine Church. We become members of this Church in baptism. But, as there are many dead branches on the tree of life, membership alone will profit us little. We must be active members in mind, in heart, and in daily life if Christ is to abide in us and we in Him. We are active in mind by seeking to know all that God has revealed and His Church teaches. We are active members in heart in proportion as we curb the promptings of selflove and are actuated by the love of God. We are active members of Christ and His Church in daily life if we strive to do God's holy will in all things.

If death is natural how can it be the penalty of original sin?

If God had created man in a purely natural state and destined him merely for a natural death, death would have been natural for him just as it is for all visible creatures endowed with life. But God created man in original justice and holiness and destined him for the supernatural happiness of heaven. As created, therefore, man was not subject to sickness and death. "Wherefore," says St. Paul, "as by one man sin entered into this world, and by sin death; and so death passed upon all men, in whom all have sinned." (Rom. 5, 12.)

Some Good Books

Rev. E. J. Burke, S. J., has put out a *Political Economy*. It is meant as a text book for colleges and academies and is well suited for that purpose. It is, however, a handy volume for the ordinary layman. There is so much sand-throwing now-a-days that Catholic laymen should be on their guard and clearly understand the real meaning of economic terms so as to be able to follow intelligently the intricacies of economic arguments. Economic issues are also coming more and more to be left to a great extent in the hands of the people and Catholics should deem it a duty to think clearly and correctly on such subjects. Father Burke's book is published by The American Book Co., New York.

Father A. Hamerle, C. Ss. R., has published his Lenten course of seven lectures under the title: "Religious Indifference". They treat of the causes, the results and the remedies of indifference in religion. The pamphlet of 59 pages is published by Jos. F. Wagner, New York. Price, 40c.

Father Peter Geiermann, C. Ss. R., has re-edited his little pamphlet on the scapulars. The new edition is practically a new work as its title suggests: "*The Scapular Medal, and the Five Scapulars*: According to the latest Roman Decrees, and the Thirteenth Edition of Beringer's "Indulgences". Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, 5c.

We have also received Father Geiermann's promised work *The Narrow Way*. As was noted in the February Liguorian this is a companion volume to the author's well-known and widely read "Manual of Theology for the Laity." "It is intended," the preface tells us, "to serve as a handbook for intelligent and devout Catholics in the world, and as an introduction to more comprehensive works on the spiritual life for postulants and novices in religion." The admirable little book well fills its purpose. It is published by Benziger Bros., New York, and sells for 60c.

Not long ago we reviewed Rev. Ferreol Girardey's edition of Father James

Nist's: "The Practical Catechist." A kind of complement to this work has lately been sent us. It is *Private First Communion Instructions for Little Children*, by Rev. James Nist and edited by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. Ss. R. "Like the larger work this little book is worthy to serve as a model to priests (or parents or any one) who have to prepare little children for their first Holy Communion." The book is put out by B. Herder, St. Louis.

The frequency of the inquiries concerning vocation which appear in the question-box of the various Catholic magazines is an evidence of the timeliness of Rev. F. B. Cassilly's "Chat with Young Persons," entitled *What Shall I Be?* A time was when a priestly or a religious vocation was a family's boast, a parent's pride. Some are left who yet esteem those rare blessings of heaven, but there are some—and they are many—to whom the signs of such a vocation are heart-oppressing and the thought of their child a priest or a religious haunts them as a spectre. Both kinds of parents will profit much by acquiring the teachings of this little work, whilst it is invaluable to the undecided youth to whom it is addressed. Its price, cloth 30c, paper 15c, makes it obtainable by all.

Mother Mabel Digby, by Anne Pollen, is the story of a very remarkable life. Mother Digby was born a Protestant. She clung to her error for some time after her mother and sisters had entered Holy Church. After her conversion she decided to become a religious of the Society of the Sacred Heart. She pressed her purpose against the wishes of her parents who wished her to marry, against the very odd advice of a priest who, while acknowledging her supernatural vocation, told her to abandon it, even against the Mother Prevost who almost turned her from the house. Finally, appealing to the Superior General, Mother Barat, she was accepted. She was a rare ornament to the Society and later became its Superior General. It is a Longmans-Green publication. Price, \$3.50.

Lucid Intervals

During revival meetings in a Western city placards giving notices of the various meetings, subjects, etc., were posted in conspicuous places. One day the following was displayed:

Subject—“Hell: Its Location and its Absolute Certainty.”

Thomas Jones, baritone, will sing “Tell Mother I’ll Be There.”

There was a young swell in Japan
Whose name on a Tuesday began;
It lasted through Sunday
Till twilight on Monday
And sounded like stones in a can.

According to this advertisement in a Connecticut country paper there is a cow in New England which is possessed of rare accomplishments:

WANTED — A steady, respectable young man to look after a garden and care for a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir.

Miss Varney was trying to illustrate to her youthful Sunday-school class the lesson, “Return good for evil.” To make it practical she said:

“Now suppose, children, one of your schoolmates should strike you, and the next day you should bring him an apple, that would be one way of returning good for evil.”

A little girl, sitting in one of the front seats, raised her hand.

“Well, Elizabeth,” said the teacher, “what is it?”

“Then,” said Elizabeth firmly, “he would strike you again to get another apple.”

In the bright sunlight on a railroad station platform in Georgia slept a colored brother. He snored gently, with his mouth ajar and his long, moist tongue resting on his chest like a pink plush necktie. A northerner climbed off a train to stretch his legs, unscrewed the top of a capsule and, advancing on tiptoe, dusted ten grains of quinine on the surface of the darkey’s tongue. Presently the negro sucked his tongue back inside his mouth, and instantly arose with a start and looked about him wildly.

“Mistah,” he said to the joker, “is yo’ doctah?”

“Nope.”

“Well, den, kin yo’ tell me whar I kin fin’ me a doctah right away?”

“What do you want with a doctor?”

“I’m sick.”

“How sick?”

“Powerful sick.”

“Do you know what’s the matter with you?”

“Suttin’ly I knows what’s de mattah with me—mah gall’s busted.”

A tramp went to farmhouse, and sitting down in the front yard, began to eat the grass.

The housewife’s heart went out to him: “Poor man, you must indeed be hungry. Come around to the back.”

The tramp beamed and winked at the hired man.

“There,” said the housewife, when the tramp hove in sight, pointing to a circle of green grass, “try that; you will find that grass so much longer.”

“These stockings are so full of holes that they are worthless, Auntie,” said a lady to an old colored woman, a pensioner of the family and mother of many children.

“No’m, dey ain’t,” replied Auntie, calmly appropriating them. “Rastus and Verbena got such black laigs dat de holes won’t show, nohow, en dem chilluns wot got yaller meat kin wear two pairs at de same time; en you know, Mis’ Jo, dat de holes in all dem stockings ain’t gwine ter hit in de same places.”

“S-say,” spluttered the victim in the chair, “wh-what kind of t-tooth soap is that you are using?”

“That isn’t tooth soap,” explained the barber, “it’s shaving soap.”

“Th-then,” rejoined the victim, “d-don’t put any m-more in my m-mouth.”

“Well, sir,” asked the waiter, “how did you find your beefsteak?”

“Oh, I just happened to shift a potato, and—well, there it was.”